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THE SKETCH,
DECEMBER 11, 1946

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The Bath Road

Of the great roads of England, the one with the most literary and elegant associations is the road to Bath. Along this historic highway were borne the rich, with their real or fancied ailments, to take the waters in the "City of Springs." During the period of powder and patches, gorgeous waist-coats and silken hose Bath was the most fashionable spa in England. A stagecoach of the 17th century, the "Flying Machine," claimed to do "The Whole Journey in Three Days." The introduction of the first practicable pneumatic tyre by John Boyd Dunlop makes breakfast in Town and luncheon in Bath a commonplace achievement.

DUNLOP TYRES

The Sketch

No. 2667—Vol. CCV. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1946 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

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SAILING FOR S. AFRICA IN FEBRUARY: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.

This new portrait of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret was taken at Buckingham Palace, in the Bow Room, where the King and Queen recently gave a dance for them to which 200 guests were invited. The Princesses are greatly looking forward to a new experience—the South African tour with their Majesties next year. The royal party will sail from Portsmouth in H.M.S. *Vanguard* on February 1. [PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.]

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Glad Tidings. I know it is wrong of me, but I don't listen to the Brains Trust as often as I ought to—never mind why; let us say that it is entirely my fault and my loss. (Between ourselves, it gives me slight indigestion at that time of the evening.) Last time I did listen to it somebody asked whether the Pundits could say, please, if they had heard any good news lately about anything anywhere? There was an awkward pause, and then one member hesitatingly said that that very day Mr. Molotov had agreed to something which offered great hope to mankind; I forget what it was—disarmament, I think—but it is immaterial, because, naturally, the agreement has long since disappeared in a cloud of disagreements. Nobody else had any suggestions to offer, and the Question Master, with a few light quips, tactfully hurried on to the next question. It was a case of how they did *not* bring the good news from Ghent to Aix.

The Bright Side. Now, that won't do at all. Christmas is steadily creeping upon us and it is positively our *duty* to find some good news and some silver linings—and there is one great thing about silver lining; it is unrationed material, even if it is in short supply. Determined to look on the bright side, I have found some very encouraging items for the Brains Trust. For instance, I read that "Corset Torture is to End Soon." This does not affect me personally, but I like to rejoice with those who rejoice, and I am told that the silent sufferings of millions of women in this respect are high among the unsung feats of heroism. "Madam, your stays creak," said Tennyson many years ago; what would he have said to-day? Again, I read that a Viennese shoemaker has invented electrically-warmed shoes for martyrs to cold feet. Now, that *does* affect me; but unfortunately Vienna is a long way off, and I don't suppose I can get these Hotsie-Totsies in England, and probably Mr. Shinwell wouldn't let me have the current anyhow. Still, it is nice to know, in an unselfish way that somewhere in the world such things exist.

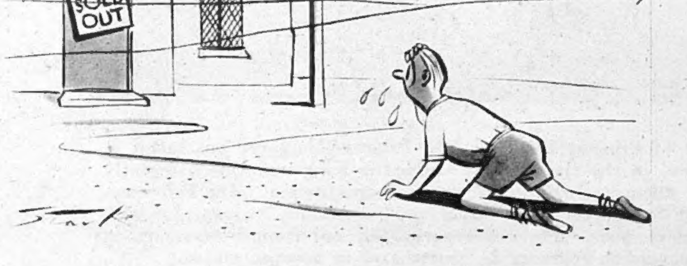
"The pantomime may be for children, Mr. Goldsworthy, but you can't expect me to behave like a child."

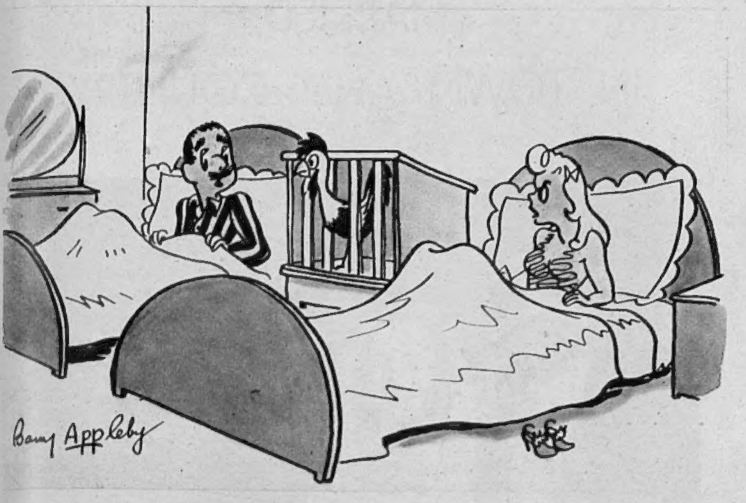
DRAWN BY RAYMOND GROVES.

Kind Hearts and Coronets. I am afraid there is not very much good news about meat. . . . Some of it lately has been of such armour-plated, knife-blunting quality that housewives in London have been hurling it back at the butchers as "uncookable," which I presume (though it takes an effort of imagination) is one stage beyond the uneatable. Of all let this be heard—a housewife's patience, like that of Hitler, *can* be exhausted. And yet housewives are very forgiving persons. One of them, who died lately in Chiswick, left nice little legacies to her greengrocer, her grocer's assistant and her grocer "as an appreciation of kindness." This is an interesting precedent; you run the risk of a visit from a bowler-hatted Snooper if you distribute largesse to your tradesmen "as an appreciation of kindness," but surely there can be nothing illegal, or even immoral, in saying to the butcher, "Let me have a pound of offal and I will remember you in my will." I see that railway travellers at Haslemere have collected £100 for "the perfect ticket-collector," also known as "the human time-table." Well, it is good to know that virtue *is* occasionally rewarded in this wicked world, even at the cost of being an animated Bradshaw.

To the Rescue! All this is eminently in the Christmas spirit, and here is something else in the same key. I don't think I have ever before troubled my readers with a Good Cause, but this year I make Christmas my pretext for doing so. I address myself to cricket-lovers, especially those with a fairly long memory of the game. Professional cricketers can never achieve the rewards which are to be won in certain other sports, and it is a reproach to us all that we often allow some of the greatest exponents of the game to fall into an old age of neglect and penury. There are two men alive to-day who are, to our shame, in that position—L. C. Braund, England, Surrey and Somerset, who, at the age of seventy-one, has lost both legs; and C. P. Mead, England and Hampshire, now over sixty and in very straitened circumstances. Braund in his time was one of the finest all-rounders in the game—an unexcelled slip-fielder, a wily slow bowler and, on his day, a sparkling bat. Mead was hardly sparkling, but (you may be surprised to hear) in thirty-one years of cricket he made more runs (55,000, with 153 centuries) than the great W.G. himself made in forty-three years. Herbert Sutcliffe is making an appeal for these two most deserving veterans, and anything you care to send to him at Woodlands, Pudsey, nr. Leeds, Yorks., will be not only a well-directed Christmas gift but a compliment to Sutcliffe's own great contribution to the game.

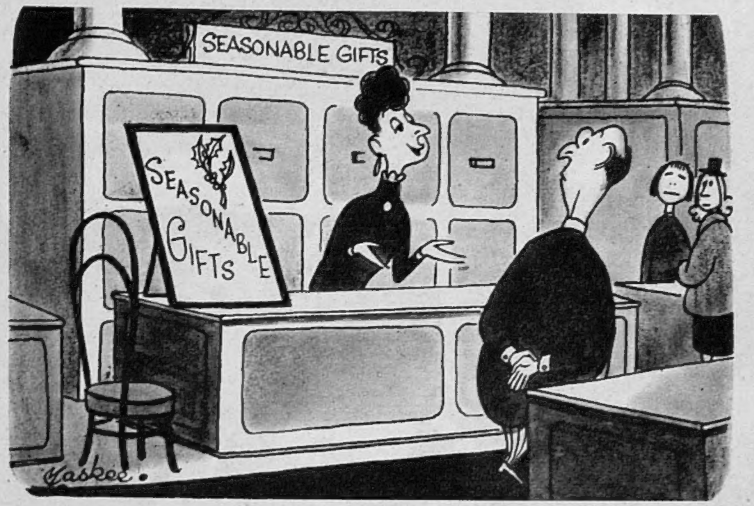
Avaunt! There is another aspect of the Christmas spirit. You will remember that Ebenezer Scrooge not only had visions which greatly improved his character and popularity, but suffered also from some nasty nightmares. That seems to be happening this Yuletide to some of our Members of Parliament. Captain Gammans, for example, revealed to a public meeting the other day that he had had this pretty little New Year vision of the Slough of Despond: "A business man who, having had a half-cooked breakfast of dried egg, because the current has been cut off, is standing in an overcrowded, unheated





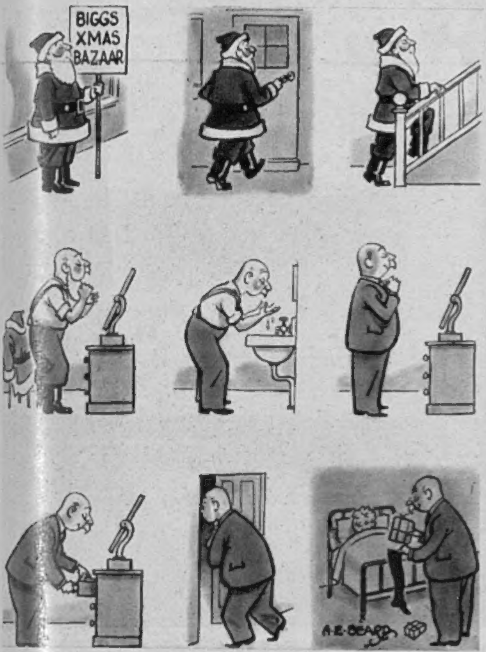
"But darling, I can't *get* an alarm clock."

DRAWN BY BARRY APPLEBY.



"Only thirteen days to Christmas, Mr. Harrington. . . . Isn't it time we displayed our 'Last-Minute Gifts'?"

DRAWN BY MASKEE.



train, trying to understand Government statutory rules and regulations, on his way to the Board of Trade to meet Sir Stafford Cripps." As I said before, always look for the silver lining! But Col. Oliver Stanley did not find it when a friend (ah, what a friend!) gave him an egg and the hotel fried it for him. This was a crime. You can introduce boiled food into an hotel, but not fried food. Another happy thought for Brighter Times Ahead!

Our Leaders. And they *will* be brighter, because now we are to have Food Leaders. What is a Food Leader? Well, he is a sort of *Essenführer* or *Kücheleiter*. If you have a tendency to be absent-minded in the kitchen, he will drop in at the critical moment and say: "Now, have you turned that sausage?" If you are prone to boil an egg for five minutes, he will explain that this is a wasteful procedure, destroying the goodness of the egg, and it is no good your arguing that it is the best way to conceal its seen-better-days flavour. He will show you exactly how many calories you should have for breakfast, and after filling up a few hundred calories-forms you will probably get it right sooner or later, if you don't die of either inanition or fury in the meantime. I don't know how many Food Leaders there are to be, but we can always do with a few more officials, to ensure Full Employment. However, I think a more economical method would be a compulsory loud-speaker in every kitchen, so that every housewife could cook precisely the same nutritious meals at precisely the same times every day according to instructions bellowed by one supreme *Essenführer* at the B.B.C.

The Great Unplanned. It is splendid to see all this planning, and yet one cannot help being struck by some of the things which are *not* planned. It is strange that, amid all our social security, there seem to be two classes of citizens who are chronically insecure—namely, the young and the old. A report has recently been published which, at this season of joy and gladness, should cause any humane person to reflect seriously on the fate of our young waifs and strays; and what happens to the destitute aged nobody seems to mind very much—perhaps we prefer not to think. Then again, this winter, as so often, the newspapers are full of columns about floods and of pictures (always popular items) of people living on the roofs of their houses and of whole villages being turned into young Venices. There is nothing unusual in this. True, this is a wet winter; but aren't all winters wet? Year after year the same thing happens: large tracts of a small island are inundated, hundreds of people literally turned adrift and millions of pounds' worth of damage done. Yet I never heard of any national anti-flood Plan. I am no engineer, but surely the thing is not past the wit of man? If they can keep the sea out in Holland, I should have thought we could have kept our comparatively insignificant rivers from overrunning our well-known green and pleasant, though admittedly damp, land.

The Master Wardens and Court of Assistants of THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GARDENERS *held a Dinner recently at the Vintners' Hall. This Company has some claim to distinction for it is known that as early as 1345 a Gardeners Company existed, which became Incorporated in 1605, and received a Royal Charter in 1616. Mr. Stephen Price is acting Clerk of the Company; Mr. W. F. Bishop its Master.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

Wonderful World. "Racehorses fly Atlantic." A hundred to one on Pegasus! . . . The Japanese in New Guinea cultivated giant snails for food, and now the snails are devouring everything that grows on the island. Serves us right, I suppose, for driving out the Japs. . . . A lion trainer at Pooria, Ill., "lived through half-an-hour's battle in a cage between seven lions and two tigers." Daniel also ran. . . . A speaker at the Industrial Welfare Society, deploring the tendency "to be bewitched by words," objected to a chimney-sweep calling himself a "fluonomist." He should attend Willesden Rent Tribunal and get a little education!

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

What could one choose better for a friend or relation abroad than a subscription to "THE SKETCH" for six or twelve months. Imagine the great pleasure it would give them to receive this delightful journal fortnightly. A greetings card will be sent with the first copy, if desired. Subscription rates on application to the Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

The Christmas card included with this issue of "The Sketch" contains a plate in full colour by DAVID WRIGHT.

MARRIED, IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

At St. James's, Spanish Place: Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. N. A. S. Lytton-Milbanke, only son of the Hon. Neville Lytton and of Lady Wentworth, married Miss Clarissa Mary Palmer, elder daughter of the late Brig.-General C. E. Palmer, R.A., and of Mrs. Palmer, of Christchurch, Hampshire.

Right: At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge: Lieut.-Colonel P. St. G. Maxwell, M.C., Highland Light Infantry, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Hugh St. G. Maxwell, of Pettistree Grange, Wickham Market, Suffolk, was married to Miss Patience M. Chadwyck-Healey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Chadwyck-Healey, of New Place, Porlock, Somerset and 15, Cadogan Court, S.W.

At St. George's, Hanover Square: Mr. R. E. Faure Walker, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Faure Walker, of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex, married the Hon. Mary Chaloner, only daughter of Lord and Lady Gisborough, of Gisborough Hall, Yorkshire.

At All Saints', Oxted: Major Nigel Drew, R.A., son of Brigadier Cecil Drew and Mrs. Drew, of Foston, Farnham Royal, married Miss Pamela Haigh, elder daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. C. F. T. Haigh, of Edenbridge, Kent.

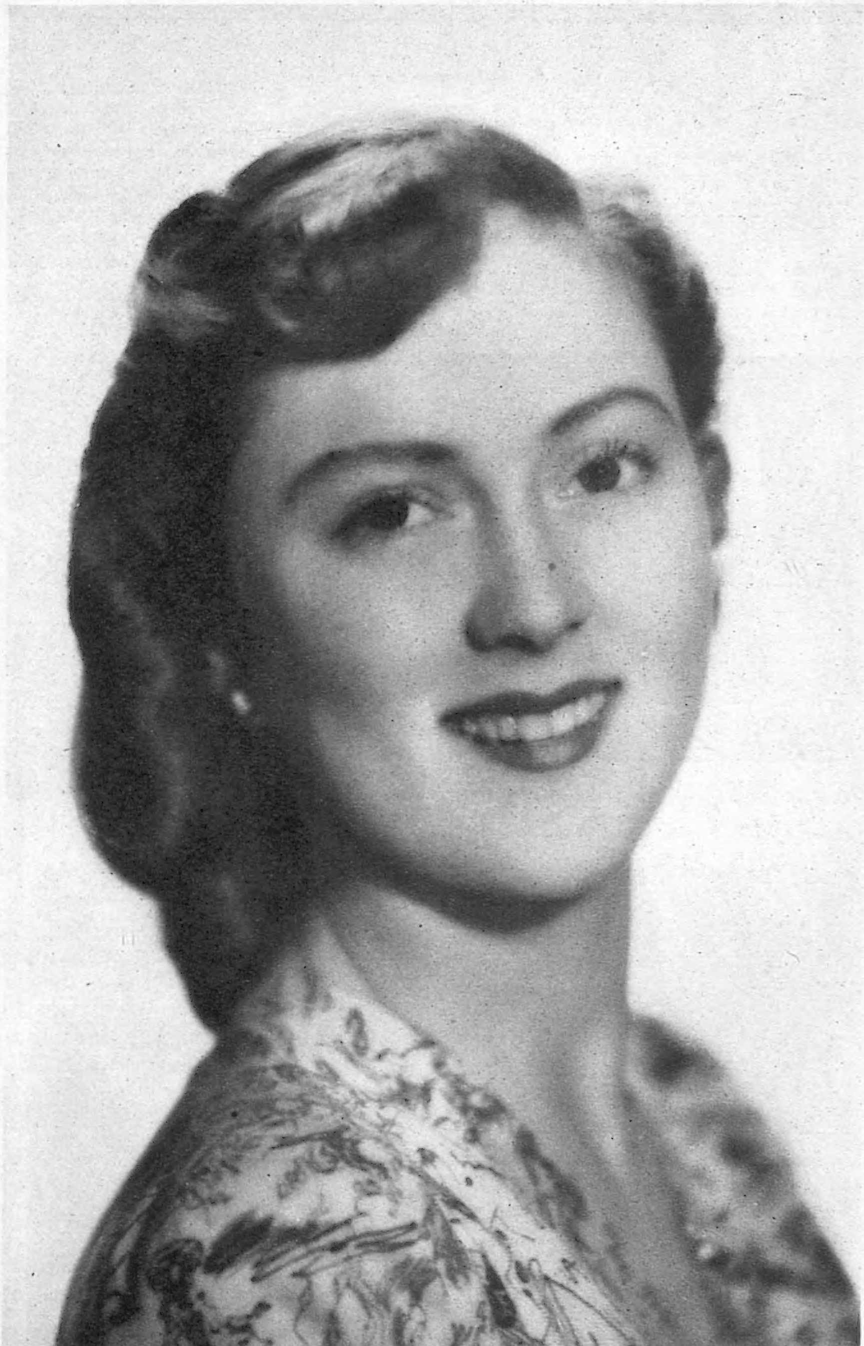
At Caxton Hall: the Duke of Newcastle, Squadron Leader R.A.F., and Acting Wing-Commander Auxiliary Air Force, was married to Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, Wortley Hall, Sheffield. During the war Lady Diana was a despatch-rider in the M.T.C.

THE HON. RICHARD WOOD AND MISS KELLETT WILL BE MARRIED IN THE SPRING.

THE HON. RICHARD WOOD, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Halifax, has announced his engagement to Miss Diana Kellett, only daughter of the late Colonel E. O. Kellett, D.S.O., M.P., and of the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan. Mr. Wood, who was Lieutenant, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, fought in the Middle East; was wounded, and relinquished his commission in 1943 on account of ill-health. His father Lord Halifax was British Ambassador in Washington from 1940-46; came home last May.

THE HON. RICHARD WOOD.

THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM McGOWAN, *mother of the bride-to-be.*



MISS DIANA KELLETT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARLIP AND LENARE.

ETON'S MUD-BATTLE: THE WALL GAME.

Spectators squelched along in the mud as they arrived: (l. to r.) Mr. A. Ussher; Mrs. R. Ussher and Mrs. A. Miller.

Eton's Wall Game on St. Andrew's Day this year was one of the muddiest ever played. Heavy rain flooded the fields round for miles; spectators as well as players were thickly cased and spattered. This peculiar form of football between Collegers and Oppidans is played on a piece of ground 115 yards long by 4 or 8 yards wide; bounded on two sides by 11-ft.-high walls; on the others by furrows. The goals are very small, lie outside the immediate field of play. Collegers as a rule play this game from their first Michaelmas half or term, while no Oppidan is likely to have a chance of playing until he has shown considerable proficiency in the field game, or has bulk and strength enough to qualify him. A distinction of this game is that a goal is rarely scored; never from a kick, seldom from a shy. For those who don't know; a Colleger is one of the original foundation scholars, seventy in all, who gain admittance by scholarship; live in Eton College. They are King's scholars. The Oppidans are boys who are boarded and lodged in the masters' houses.

The Collegers' team entered the field with faces of grim determination. They had the pull in weight.

Out of the way of the sticky sea of mire the teams hung their snow-white sweaters; their caps; scarves; coats.

Plastered with mud: uncommonly like a bas-relief or a Henry Moore drawing; you couldn't pick out Etonian from Oppidan.

Whole and happy but battered and encrusted: a muddy study after a hard tussle at the wall.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

T.R.H. Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael of Kent and the Hon. Diana Herbert were the bride's attendants when Major David Butter married Miss Myra Wernher at St. Margaret's, Westminster, recently, and Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were guests. Princess Alexandra, aged ten, is the second child, and Prince Michael, aged four, the third child of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. The Hon. Diana Herbert is the nine-year-old daughter of the Countess of Herbert, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT. *The bridesmaids wore shell-pink tulle.*

T.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND PRINCE MICHAEL WITH THE HON. DIANA HERBERT.

H.R.H. PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT, *in the Royal Stuart tartan.*

CAVALCADE.

No oratory, no poet's pen
  can show
The elegance of Sundays in
  the Row,
No brush, dipped though it
  be in rainbow dye,
Can trap the hues that warm the watcher's eye.

What can we say, poor mortals, as we stand
Gazing with wonder at the flying sand,
Worshipping silently with eyes upcast,
The horsed divinities who thunder past?

See this fair goddess in a purple coat,
With several ropes of pearls about her throat!
Look with what skill she stays the arduous
  course,
Keeping a different rhythm from her horse!

Note this young god, whose hair so long and
  dark
Flows like a banner in the wind, and mark
His flannelled leg, smooth-grey as pigeon's
  wing,
Tied at the ankle with a piece of string!

Swift as young tortoises the cavalcades
Come sweeping by; the sleepy, stumbling jades
Quiver with pride and tremble in their tracks,
To feel such glory bouncing on their backs.

Oh, Rubens could not capture if he tried,
The ginger thighs of Amazons astride,
Nor yet convey the rounded generous charms
Of dimpled knees and wildly flaying arms.

No Shakespeare could describe in any way
The gym shoes and the button boots that stray
Looking for stirrups, nor the drifting reins,
Rashly discarded for the horses' manes.

Allah be praised this London still is blest
With horsemanship seen at its very best!
Though our beloved traditions fade and go,
We still retain a really Rotten Row.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM.

LIGHTENING SKETCHES.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE . . .
NEFERTITI'S DAUGHTER GOES MODERN.

Just to show you how girls don't change, a plaster cast of the head of one of Nefertiti's daughters—discovered at Tel-el-Amarna, 1910-11—has been decked out in modern finery, and you couldn't tell her from an up-to-date model. She is lovely in the top picture, and the added finery brings her right down the centuries to 1946.

Here is a plaster cast of the head of one of the seven daughters of Queen Nefertiti, queen of Ikhnaton of ancient Egypt. Her face is of a classic loveliness; her head artificially elongated.

Dress her up in feathers with a modern imitation of an Egyptian necklace and she becomes less remote, more friendly.

In a shawl with flowers she is almost Italian peasant with an over-sophisticated expression.

Who could look more chic, more Parisian than the Pharaoh's daughter all gotten up with cocks' feathers and a gold sequin collar? Not Josephine Baker herself.

He has a fine breed of goats on his estate.

Sir Aubrey values his collection of pipes; his autographed etching of G. B. Shaw, an old friend.

HOLLYWOOD'S G.O.M. HAS BEEN MARRIED FIFTY YEARS: SIR AUBREY SMITH.

Hollywood's G.O.M., Sir Aubrey Smith, and Lady Smith celebrated their golden wedding this year. They now live permanently on their ten-acre estate in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, California, overlooking the blue Pacific. This fine stage and screen character-actor with the charming personality is now eighty-three. Born 1863; he was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, where he earned a great reputation as a cricketer; was captain of the Sussex team, and also of English teams in Australia and South Africa. Sir Aubrey made his first appearance on the professional stage in 1892. Besides cricket, his recreations are golf, music, painting. He married in 1896; has one daughter.

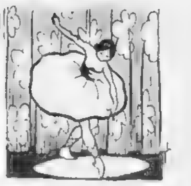
NOEL COWARD'S NEW LEAD—MARY MARTIN.

Mary Martin is to play the lead in the new Noel Coward musical "Pacific 1860," due to open at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane on December 19. The music is melodic; no jazz; rather in the "Bitter Sweet" tradition; and Miss Martin plays the part of opera-singer Elena Salvador. This Texas-born, red-haired American stage and screen star was first heard by Coward in America singing a crooner's song—"My Heart Belongs to Daddy." He congratulated her. He next heard her singing almost operatically; was impressed, promised to write a play for her. This is "Pacific 1860," written, composed and directed by him.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.



FEW playgoers can recently have seen any English play written between 1779 ("The Critic") and 1892 ("Lady Windermere's Fan"). This period was nevertheless one of promiscuous fecundity in the English theatre. Everyone wrote plays, from the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Milman) down to a Mr. Ball, who later perfected his renown by renaming himself Fitzball. There were curiosities such as "The Octoroon, or Life in Louisiana," by Dionysius Boucicault, and "The Cataract of the Ganges, or The Rajah's Daughter," by W. T. Moncrieff. There were plays after Dickens and Charles Reade and Victor Hugo. There were plays by Robert Louis Stevenson, and farces by a new young author, William Schwenk Gilbert (will not the Arts Theatre revive Gilbert's "Engaged"?). There were plays for everybody, like "The Bells" and "The Lady of Lyons," and plays for nobody, like Beddoes' "Death's Test Book." And then in the 1860's there were plays in a new vein—a "natural" vein, it was thought, without wild contrivances or impossible feats of daring and revenge. T. W. Robertson wrote these, and they were called, with an economy unusual in the Victorian theatre, "Society," "Ours," "Play," "School" and "Caste."

Eighty Years On

Now, after eighty years, "Caste" is running again in London, at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is the earliest play in the modern, as opposed to the classical repertory, and it makes mincemeat and chopped hay of nearly every play that has been written since. Nothing could be simpler than its plot, in which a young officer of rank and fashion marries a girl from the ballet. His mother is dumbfounded by the match, and still more so by the genial but indisputably lowly family whom she finds to be infesting her son's house. The hero goes to India and is reported killed. His wife returns to humble life, succoured only by her husband's faithful friend. In the last act (a masterpiece of comedy and sentiment) her tears are turned to joy by a stroke which, though we may have foreseen it, is positively one of the most moving things in London.

The play is tremendously well acted in both first- and third-class compartments. As the noble lover, Mr. Clement McCallin wooed in the dashing and hygienic style with which Mr. Stewart Granger had made us familiar; Mr. Frith Banbury lavished much of his discreet and touching art on the hero's confidant; and Miss Elliot Mason effaced her natural benevolence in order to appear suitably terrific as the redoubtable Marquise. Miss Iris Russell's heroine had every advantage of voice and feature, and stood up well to the tearing vitality of Miss Brenda Bruce and Mr. Bill Rowbotham as the contrasting pair of lovers: two very delightful performances, with an edge and an attack not easily forgotten. There remains Mr. Morland Graham's toping father. This is a classic comic part, and could be a bad actor's paradise; Mr. Graham, always an actor of real quality, was never too loud, and never too long. I hope I have made it clear that those who do not enjoy Mr. Ashmore's production of "Caste" do not deserve to enjoy anything.

Another Revival

The plot of Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Family Reunion," now revived at the Mercury Theatre, is not as easily defined as the plot of "Caste." Nor is the play itself as easy to follow. No two plays could be less alike, although Mr. Eliot's moments of humour are nearly as simple as those of Mr. Flanagan or Mr. Sid Field. "The Family Reunion" is a play about guilt and expiation, remorse and atonement. It is long, difficult and exhausting, but there is no mistaking the rapt attention of the audience and the very high quality of the performance. Mr. Martin Browne has got his actors to speak with a sustained *legato*, an even continuity of tone which is unknown in the commercial theatre. Here are actors speaking the verse of a great poet in a way which (and there could be no higher tribute) suggests that they are, in point of fact, real persons talking in their normal conversational style.

Miss Catherine Lacey, though by many years too young for her part, speaks and moves with wonderful art, and Mr. Alan Wheatley carries the elaborate argument of the play as easily as if it were a matter of saying "Twenty Players, please." Where all were good, Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Margaret Lang, and Mr. Frank Napier were perhaps a fraction better than the rest. The production derived its final stamp of truth from the fact that the ladies were dressed, perhaps unwittingly, with the authentic hideousness of the English landed classes.

A Ballet for Novices

At Sadler's Wells Theatre, Miss Andrée Howard's new "Mardi Gras" is excellently suited to the needs of a young ballet company. It is too long, but then it gives everybody a chance to shine at reasonable length. It is rather vague in its meaning, but the young dancers are not good at character-miming; and it admirably exploits the kinds of thing which novices can do very well.

As the young girl whose carnival ends in a nightmare, Miss Anne Heaton displayed a real beauty of mask and line, and a power of romantic illusion without which the ballet would have fallen into several unconnected pieces. Mr. Hugh Stevenson's costumes gave the sense of holiday which the ballet needs, and the vivacious economy of Mr. Leonard Salzedo's music was never outpaced by the scenario's many violent changes of mood. At one point the memory of "Petrouchka," that patriarch among ballets, was evoked a little too baldly, but as the circus dancer Miss Nadia Nerina courageously attempted the brilliance and precision which she will presently command at will.

Miss Howard's choreography has several passages of original invention, and the whole entertainment can compare favourably with many of the lavish spectacles now presented by the parent company. Even Mr. Helpmann, for instance, has devised nothing more startling than when the curtain falls upon the three sextons nuzzling the heroine's coffin.

Tailpieces

A first-rate trifle is being done at the Arts Theatre—Mr. Christopher Fry's "A Phœnix Too Frequent." This is a play of original wit, most engagingly acted by, among others, Mr. Paul Scofield, a distinguished recruit from Stratford.

At the Savoy Theatre, the Maugham festival continues with a revival (back-dated by twenty years) of "Lady Frederick," one of the master's earliest plays. Hardened misogynists will find great comfort in the play's message, and others will enjoy Mr. Anthony Holland's sets and the gorgeous and ever-adaptable gifts of Miss Coral Browne. None the less, one cannot but deplore the tame conservatism of managements who, by filling every theatre in London with safe revivals, make it impossible for any new play, or a new venture of any sort, to get within half-an-hour's walk of Piccadilly Circus.

Polly Eccles (Brenda Bruce) and the Hon. George D'Alroy (Clement McCallin) in a scene from "Caste"—a revival of an eighty-year-old play at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

STAGE.

"MUSTS."

"SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors).
Very sweet and very sophisticated revue.

"THE GLEAM" (Globe).
A play about doctors and nationalisation.

THE OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY (New).
Good acting in classical revivals.

"UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phoenix).
Cicely Courtneidge presiding over invisible assets.

WELL WORTH SEEING.

"AND NO BIRDS SING" (Aldwych).
Elizabeth Allan in a good-natured comedy.

"GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" (Apollo).
Leslie Banks indulges in a spot of murder.

"THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER" (Coliseum).
Bud Flanagan embedded in a lavish spectacle.

"THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion).
Public school assimilates East-Ender.

"MESSAGE FOR MARGARET" (Duchess).
Strong emotion, with Flora Robson at her best.

"FOOLS RUSH IN" (Fortune).
—and provide some enchanting comedy.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket).
Revival of a popular Oscar Wilde play.

"PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome).
Ivor Novello in a musical romance.

"FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's).
Arthur Askey in full cry after pretty chorus.

"THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric).
Terence Rattigan's version of a famous case.

"SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace).
Grieg's life and music in an operetta.

"HIGH TIME" (Palladium).
Fun and games mixed up with music.

"PICCADILLY HAYRIDE" (Prince of Wales).
Sid Field in good comedy entertainment.

"THE SHEPHARD SHOW" (Princes).
A bevy of comedians in colourful settings.

SCREEN CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

MARCEL CARNÉ'S remarkable picture, "Les Enfants du Paradis," opens the new season of French films at the Rialto Cinema. Either this film goes straight to your address, or it does not. It does go straight to my address. I have seen it twice, and I would gladly see it again. I seldom remember being so haunted by a film; scenes and incidents, and vivid, passing, pregnant shots keep recurring to my mind. I find myself growing impatient with people who seem to have missed M. Carné's point. This is foolish, for impatience is a luxury which no critic should allow himself to indulge. But could a critic pay a more human tribute to any picture?

"Les Enfants du Paradis" is a story of the bustling French theatre of 100 years ago. In a brief analysis, it is the tragic history of Pierrot and Columbine. The hero (Jean-Louis Barrault) is a clown from the dumb-show pantomime, the Théâtre des Funambules. The heroine (Arletty) is a sideshow entertainer who becomes a fashionable courtesan. Tragedians, acrobats, thieves, stool-pigeons, impresarios, hack actors and gentlemen of fashion circulate round them, but the relation between these two is the central thread of the story. It is not a very subtle relationship, simply the fumbling love of a woman who has too few inhibitions and a man who has too many. But it has served as a dramatic motive before now, and it will continue to serve.

Superb Handling of Crowds.

The miracle of the film is its handling of crowds in relationship to individuals. It is not called "Les Enfants du Paradis" for nothing. These people are the children of the gods in two senses—they are at once the sport of what Thomas Hardy would call "The Immortals," and the victims and darlings of the yelling crowd high up under the gilded roof of the theatre.

M. Carné manipulates his crowds superbly. They almost—but, so cunningly, not quite—submerge the screen under their successive waves of numbers. Hundreds and thousands of people seem to toss the puppets of the story at will between them. At the beginning the lovers are thrown together, irresistibly, on the crest of one wave. At the end, they are torn apart, equally irresistibly, by the force of another. Several of my colleagues, for whom I have the highest regard, tell me that "Les Enfants du Paradis" is formless. To my mind, this is an incomprehensible criticism. Beautifully acted, superbly directed, incomparably photographed, M. Carné's film seems to me a triumph of formal craftsmanship. It is as round, and exact, and irrevocable, as the period between one tide and another tide.

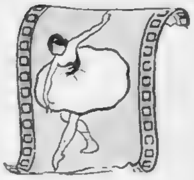
Medical Biography.

"Sister Kenny" (Odeon) is described by our old friend Synopsis as "Mighty Dramatic Spectacle—the life-story of the woman in whom more women are interested than in any other." This seems to me such an obvious lie that I shall not bother to dispute it, merely remarking in passing that it would be instructive to stop the first ten women one met in the street and inquire how many of them have so much as *heard* of Sister Kenny. But when Synopsis goes on to add: "She did what they'd love to do; she found happiness—without men," I am moved to a mild remonstrance. They wouldn't love to find happiness without men at all; but if men persist in writing bosh of this order, they soon may!

"Sister Kenny," in point of fact, is not a mighty dramatic spectacle, but an unusually plain and sober biography of a living woman. Elizabeth Kenny, a middle-aged spinster who now runs her own institute in Minneapolis, under the sponsorship of the University of Minnesota, is an Australian ex-bush nurse who early developed revolutionary theories about the nature and treatment of infantile paralysis. A tough fighter, and a woman of strong independent views, she has never yielded one inch against her will to orthodox medical opinion. She insists that the Kenny method, consisting mainly of applied heat and re-education of the muscles, is the only really effective treatment of the disease.

A Partisan Document.

The film, made with the Kenny approval and authority, is necessarily a highly partisan document. Thanks to persuasive writing, sympathetic treatment of its grim subject, and Miss Russell's excellent performance, it is also an unusually affecting one. The effect on an entertainment-seeking public is sobering, and most people will come out of the Odeon with considerably more ideas than those they went in with. This is a great point in the film's favour, for it argues vitality in the subject and courage in the treatment.



Whether the thoughts induced are really in the interests of public well-being is another matter. I am not at all sure that a specialised film of this kind is wholly appropriate for large, lighthearted lay audiences. Personally, I am fortunate enough to have had no experience of infantile paralysis, and it would be impudent and mischievous on my part to try to discriminate between Sister Kenny's case and the doctors'. But there must be many members of the audience to whom this terrible disease is a personal problem, and it would be infinitely more mischievous were they to be misled in any way by a case over-stated or by evidence ignored.

Unintentional Burlesque.

We have heard for so long about the outstanding physical allure of the young woman Jane Russell, who appears in the Western called "The Outlaw," at the London Pavilion, that the lady herself turns up as something of a damp squib or anti-climax. In fact, as one woman remarked to another woman as we were coming out of the theatre: "I suppose it's all right for people who like Westerns." That wasn't the idea.

In point of fact, "The Outlaw" may very well succeed by going through the country on a gale of laughter. The audience at the opening performance laughed, first shamefacedly, then boldly, and finally uproariously. Many of them had their best laugh since "Young England." The film is so unabashedly crude, so naïvely prurient, so frankly old-fashioned in story and dialogue, so outrageous in its pretence of drama, that a gust of laughter is the only healthy reaction to it.

The British Board of Film Censors, with a sense of humour for which I should not have given them credit, have blessed this film with a "U" certificate. This, if I may speak colloquially, serves the producers jolly well right. For the fact of the matter is that they have given the impression of "naughtiness" by the simple device of cutting at a crucial moment and leaving the audience to draw their own conclusions. (You'd be surprised at what you can do to a blameless nursery rhyme by treating it in this way.) As a consequence, "The Outlaw" is only nasty for people who want it to be nasty. For the others it is absurd, preposterous, amateurish —and a monstrous, unintentional joke.

STAGE.—*(Continued.)*

"HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville).
With Bobby Howes and Jack Hulbert leading.

"LADY FREDERICK" (Savoy).
Revival of a dated Maugham comedy.

"BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" (St. James's).
A witty Lonsdale play.

"THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's).
Popular thriller with sting in the tail.

"ICE REVUE" (Stoll).
A spectacular revue on skates.

"FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand).
Harry Green in a hilarious farce.

"THE POLTERGEIST" (Vaudeville).
Gordon Harker does some ghost-laying.

"SWEETHEART MINE" (Victoria Palace).
Lupino Lane in a Cockney musical.

"WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall).
A good farce about R.A.F. ground crews.

"NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden).
Strong meat with a streak of sadism.

"CLUTTERBUCK" (Wyndham's).
Naunton Wayne in a comedy with complications.

SCREEN.

"BLUE SKIES" (Carlton).
Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in Technicolor.

"THE KILLERS" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion).
Begins well, but goes on too long.

"THE KID FROM BROOKLYN" (Leicester Square).
Danny Kaye takes up a Harold Lloyd rôle.

"SISTER KENNY" (Odeon, Leicester Square).
Film drama of a crusade against disease.

"LE BOIS SACRE" (Studio One).
Gaby Morlay in a witty and engaging satire.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

Jean-Louis Barrault as Baptiste in Marcel Carné's brilliantly produced film, "Les Enfants du Paradis," at the Rialto Cinema, Coventry Street.

SCREEN TRANSLATION OF "THE RAZOR'S EDGE."

Twentieth Century-Fox's version of "The Razor's Edge" will have its première at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on December 19. It is Somerset Maugham's story of the young air pilot Larry who confused by war conditions, tries in many countries to find peace of mind; he fails; in his own America, likewise in the Latin Quarter of Paris; in a French coal-mine; in India, where a holy man tells him "the path to salvation is . . . as hard to travel as . . . the sharp edge of a razor"; in the Himalayas; back to Paris, Chicago; till at last as a ship's oiler, he finds the contentment he seeks.

In 1919—Chicago is trying to shake down to post-war values. The Chicago Country Club is opened, with dancing, eating and drinking under the trees on the terrace. Somewhere in the crowd is young air pilot Larry, in process of finding himself.

As the story begins we hear the voice of Somerset Maugham, international observer, introducing Larry, World War flier. Somerset Maugham—Herbert Marshall.

Larry asks his fiancée Isabel to live on his small income, but Isabel wants more. Larry—Tyrone Power; Isabel—Gene Tierney.

Isabel still wants Larry; but he is engaged to Sophie, a dipsomaniac; plots against her. Sophie, disappearing, is found by Larry drunk in a low dive. Sophie—Anne Baxter.

KINEMASTERPIECES—BETTE DAVIS.

One of the screen's top actresses, Bette Davis is sincere, hard-working; notable for her brilliant portrayals of character. She can play almost any part, even twins, as in "A Stolen Life" at the Warner. She had no overnight success; earned stardom by hard, intelligent work over a period of years. Bette is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall; a natural golden blonde with blue eyes; was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1908.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY KARSH.

English Sally Gilmour as she danced in Walter Gore's new ballet "Concerto Burlesco" with the Ballet Rambert, wore a Harpo Marxian wig. The ballet burlesques professional pianists to music by Bela Bartók. [BARON.]

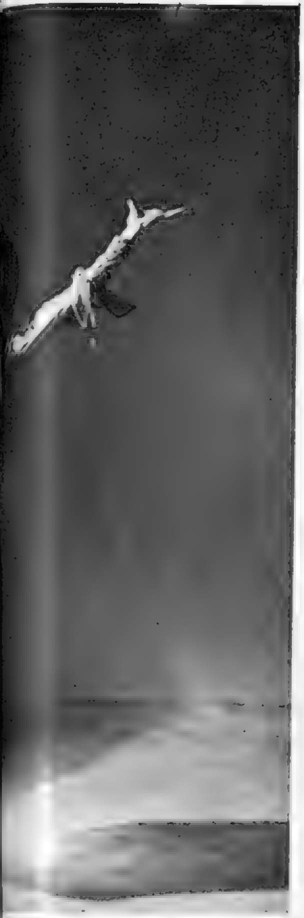
N.B. A Coloured Christmas Card is inserted in this issue.

Poise and grace of Sally Gilmour

STUDIES IN THE B
BALLERINAS AND

The exquisite Russian prima ballerina
London in Colonel de Basil's "Mont
performed over here just before the war
in London after the provincial tour of "
who is leading female dancer of the B
dramatic ability; her finest performance

Elegance and abandon of IRINA BARO
Massine was her pa



Concerto Burlesco." [BARON.]

UTY OF TWO
HEIR GRACE.

Baronova, was first seen in
Ballet Russe"; and last
sad that we shall not see her
in the Ballet." Sally Gilmour,
Rambert, is a dancer of great
Walter Gore's "Confessional."

The Doll in "Petrouchka."
RDON ANTHONY.]

Prima ballerina IRINA BARONOVA *is now touring with Massine in "A Bullet in the Ballet" adapted from the best-seller by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. This comedy-thriller will not be seen in London as no suitable theatre is available.* [BARON.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY RUGGER TEAM, *for still holding its unbeaten record after the University match.*

LADY GRANT OF MONYMUSK, *for scoring a victory for the Conservatives in the South Aberdeen by-election.*

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *for the hats on his birthday cake.*

THE Oxford University Rugby XV., unbeaten this season, retain this distinction after a tough match with Cambridge. Left to right in the photograph: (back row) G. L. Cawkwell, B. H. Travers, A. B. Harcourt, A. van Ryneveld, J. O. Newton-Thompson (captain), G. A. Wilson, E. C. C. Wynter, M. A. Sutton, P. B. C. Moore; (front row) D. J. W. Bridge, M. P. Donnelly, S. C. Newman, D. W. Swarbrick, S. D. Pearce, R. Cooper.

LADY GRANT OF MONYMUSK won the South Aberdeen by-election for the Conservatives against Socialist Mr. Irvine by a majority of 3839 votes after a very strenuous campaign. At the General Election the Conservative majority was 1816. The women's votes are said to have won Lady Grant the verdict. At thirty-one she is the youngest woman M.P.

WHEN Mr. Winston Churchill celebrated his seventy-second birthday recently his birthday cake, weighing 60 lb., was cleverly decorated with replicas of thirty-two hats, each recalling an outstanding phase of his life. Among them were the bowler he wore at school at Brighton, his Victory hat spinning on a stick, a Trinity House hat, and a R.A.F. cap. The cake stood on a revolving stand.

AND WE APPLAUD

SID FIELD, for doing it again in "Piccadilly Hayride."

With a nod, a wink, a shrug or a blink, Sid Field can convulse an audience. And he keeps it up in his third West End show "Piccadilly Hayride" at the Prince of Wales's. To every part he creates, that of Slasher Green, of a cinema organist, of a snooker tyro, he brings a wonderful sense of intimacy with his audience which makes them feel at one with him. A first-rate comedian of perfect timing.

PRUNOLOGY

★

Editorial Note

We all remember Pilot-Officer Prune. But little was known of his ancestors until Anthony Armstrong conducted a research, the results of which we intend to publish from time to time. The illustrations are by Raff.

★

PRUNICIA OF AQUILEIA
(Lombardy : 425-452 A.D.)

AN interesting little story has come down to us from the fifth century A.D., which obviously concerns a member of the Prune family. It is to be found in the writings of a certain Menseric who recorded some of the more colourful and less printable exploits of Attila the Hun.

Attila, for those of our readers who are not well up in history, became King of the Huns in 433 A.D., together with his brother, Bleda. After some years of joint rule, Bleda was foolish enough to annoy Attila and promptly got himself assassinated. Silly Bleda! Thereafter Attila reigned alone and spent most of his life on a large-scale ravaging tour of Europe. He opened with the neighbouring tribes of Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Nastigoths, Busigoths, and so on, and even booked dates as far west as Orleans; though owing to a stubborn defence he never actually played that town.

Menseric's manuscript has a certain monotony, being chiefly on the lines of "Then did Attila and his host sweep through the land of the Lombards, slaying 12,000 men and carrying off 12,000 women. . . ." but at least it gives an idea of the Huns' two principal hobbies.

It was during a provincial ravage on Lombardy in 452, when Attila and his men were working the covers round Aquileia, that Prunicia is heard of. All the local girls, of course, were accustomed, the moment they heard the Hun horsemen, to flee in terror. Some, we must admit, did not flee quite so fast as others, and Prunicia, we regret to say, did not flee at all.

According, however, to Menseric, she was as beautiful as she was clever, which is how we know she was of the Prune family, for later on he refers to her as having a face like a Transylvanian horse. At any rate, though she never ran away, she never got run away with. Day after day Attila's horsemen would come sweeping by on their maiden-hunting expeditions, galloping into the fields, seizing any luckless damsel they came across by the hair and racing off with her on their saddle-bows, but they all with one accord avoided Prunicia. Just not interested.

At first Prunicia would be in a neighbouring copse pretending to gather sticks or otherwise not noticing any horsemen about. Then she took to standing patiently by the roadside as if looking for someone to ask the way. Finally, she started deliberately thumbing for a lift, and it was while doing this that she got ridden down by a Hun who was trying to avoid catching her eye. She was so badly injured that the Hun, a true horse-lover, at once had her destroyed.

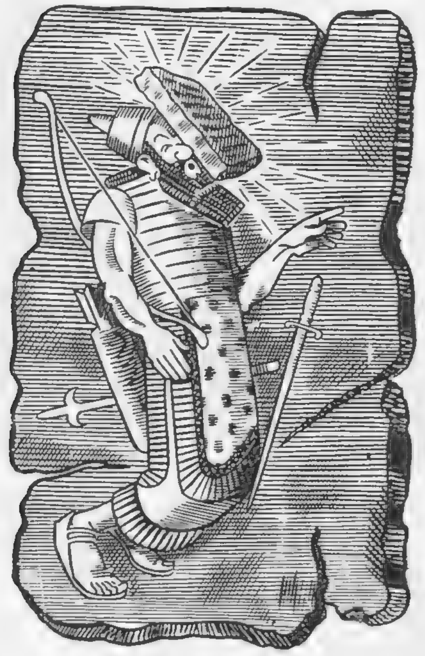
★

ASSUR-PRUNI-PAL (Assyria : circa 1100 B.C.)

RIGHT back in Assyrian days about 1100 B.C., there is a mention in the records of a certain Assur-pruni-pal, who was undoubtedly a member of one of the early branches of the Prune family. He was some sort of nobleman at the Court of King Tiglath Pileser, but fell into disgrace owing to making an unfortunate joke about the royal name.

Falling into disgrace in those days was a pretty serious affair, though one could be fairly certain of not staying in disgrace for long—unless you made a get-away at once. Apparently Assur-pruni-pal was warned by some other pals—for the family hung together—and went into hiding in an obscure wine shop in Nineveh called the Shalmaneser Arms, where he stayed for three years. (It is on this fact that Professor Stensch bases his theory that Assur-pruni-pal must have been one of the Prune family.) At the end of that time war broke out between Assyria and Babylon, and the man-power situation becoming rather acute, Tiglath Pileser was pleased to pardon Assur-pruni-pal and give him a commission in the Loyal Assyrian Rangers ("The Curly-Beards"). He then took part in the siege of Babylon, but in the moment of victory was killed in rather an unfortunate manner when storming the walls.

It seems that the defenders had run out of spears and arrows and were using as missiles whatever came to hand. What unhappily came to hand in this case was a minute carved in triplicate on stone from the Babylonian Ministry of Food. So Assur-pruni-pal died with a smile of triumph on his face and a neat cuneiform pattern about date-rationing on his forehead.



"LADY FREDERICK" PUTS IT OVER AT THE SAVOY.

The young Somerset Maugham's forty-year-old play "Lady Frederick" at the Savoy, artificial in plot and construction, yet presents a vivid picture of an English social background now extinct. Coral Browne plays the title-rôle with poise and style.

With subtle blandishment Lady Frederick won Paradine Fouldes's bet that she couldn't charm her dressmaker into refusing a cheque. Lady Frederick Berolles—Coral Browne; Paradine Fouldes—Edwin Styles; Madame Claude—Beatrice Kane.

The part of Rose Carlisle is played by Patricia Raine, Binnie Hale's daughter. Her first part.

Lady Frederick tried her young lover Lord Mereston by letting him into the secrets of her toilette—greasy face; false hair; messy dressing-table. Mereston—Vernon Greeves; Angélique—Pearl Dadswell.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"CITY OF DEPARTURES." By John Brophy.

IN his latest novel Mr. John Brophy has had the courage to vindicate priggishness. Most of his characters have streaks of priggishness and at least two of them are snobs. Thorneycroft and Beldon, who have made their way in the world, return to Liverpool, their home town—the one from London, where the flying bombs are making life disagreeable, the other from the Councils of Big Business in America. Both feel that their native place is now almost beneath their notice, but it is a convenient refuge from the doodle-bugs and also the home of Dan McGibbon, with whom they have a rendezvous—one of those romantic pacts that schoolboys sometimes make to meet again after twenty-five years. They had regarded Dan's talent for poetry as outstanding, but they had not kept up with him; they only knew he had not prospered as they had, and that he had four children but no career.

But he did not keep the tryst; at least, not in the sense they expected. Being kind-hearted men, they felt they must do something for the four orphans, left badly off on the threshold of life; but it was not quite easy, for Nora, the eldest, was a proud girl, and her fiancé, a young veteran of the war, with a wooden leg, had no use for the rich. Mildred, the second sister, not yet seventeen, was ready to take money from anyone provided he gave her a good time. Leaving home without giving an address, she fled to the arms of an American soldier.

At this point Mr. Brophy swops horses—indeed, he swops them more than once before resuming his original mount. Now it is the American G.I. against whom, in the guise of an American major, he fulminates. The major writes to a friend at home a series of letters to show that the American way of life is not all it is cracked up to be, and that the American soldier, physically, morally and mentally, is rather a poor creature compared with the British. I feel that this might well have been left out. The American soldier who has been in England will have formed his own conclusions and is not likely to modify them, after the event.

John Brophy, whose novel "City of Departures" is reviewed on this page, was born in Liverpool in 1899, and has chosen that city as the scene of the novel's action. John Brophy had determined to become a writer while still at school, but the process was interrupted when he ran away from school in 1914, before his fifteenth birthday, to enlist. He served as a private soldier in France and Belgium. After varied post-soldiering activities, his first novel, "The Bitter End," appeared in 1928, since when he has had some twenty-five books published.

Mrs. Grundy in Full Cry.

Much more interesting is what comes next—the attempt to salvage Mildred from her precocious life of sin. Her would-be rescuers, as Mr. Brophy points out, cannot fail to seem priggish and interfering and slightly ridiculous as they trail her from one haunt of pleasure to another, kill-joy sleuths. The male culprit's ingenuous exclamation to the circle of sour-pusses, "Ain't there nothing I can do to please you?" puts one immediately on his side. Mrs. Grundy in full cry is an unlovely spectacle; yet in this case she has right on her side, and it is a great tribute to Mr. Brophy's tactful sense of moral values that he makes us feel she has.

Before the end he springs some more surprises on us. The American major is not blinded by his Anglophobia; and he makes Beldon and Thorneycroft, yes, and Dan McGibbon himself, the subject of belittling reflections. "City of Departures," which starts off so full of the crusading spirit, closes on a note of disillusion, almost of cynicism. It is an unequal book, and clever as Mr. Brophy is at shifting his point of view, he cannot be quite acquitted of inconsistency. He runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. But, apart from certain *longueurs*, it is an exhilarating chase, and his craftsmanship, as always, is superb.

"MIST IN THE TAGUS." By Tom Hopkinson.

From a writer whose art is sustained by traditional moral convictions, we turn to one who is guided in such matters by a light of his own. Mr. Hopkinson introduces us to a rather seedy offshoot of that now almost legendary community, the international smart set. On the rebound, originally, from an unhappy home-life, and on the rebound, much more recently, from an unsatisfactory love-affair, Caroline Page (late Hilary Skene) decides to take a holiday in Portugal. Arriving at night, she finds the hotels and pensions of Marinha all full, but by a ruse (she is a resourceful young woman) she gets a bed and next morning finds herself launched in a small group of elegant beach-loungers, all with looks and one, at least, with money. Rescued from an angry sea, she naturally cultivates her rescuer, Robert, once a friend of the group, now their stern critic. Soon she feels more than kindly towards him, attracted by the sincerity of feeling that underlies his queer, tactless, tormented nature; but Robert has only one preoccupation—the fate of his friend Leo, who has betaken himself to Estoril and shows no signs of coming back.

The absent Leo dominates the story. He is, Caroline decides, Robert's evil genius, and it is her duty, as it will be her pleasure, to rescue Robert from him, just as Robert rescued her from the sea. She takes what seems the most obvious way to effect this. Afterwards, she will get Robert to England; both he and Leo are Germans dodging military service; the war is approaching and no country seems to want them. But things do not turn out as she planned.

Caroline was, one is led to suppose, a woman of the world. This accepted, there were aspects of the situation—aspects noisily resented by certain sections in Marinha—to which she was surprisingly blind. Mr. Hopkinson takes these abnormalities of feeling and behaviour for granted. His concern is with the emotions themselves, not with his characters' right to indulge them; and this gives his story a superficially unreal air, for the world at large is not so much interested in the genuineness of emotions as in their sensation-value. He is a very interesting writer, at times curiously naïf, yet subtle, penetrating, uncompromising, sincere. His local colour is not only rich, but essential to his general design, which always takes into account the contrast, in way of life and habit of mind, between the rich and the poor, the tourists and the *indigenæ*. Indeed, the contrast here is almost too violent to be effective. Considering the change in social conditions, it is like comparing the dodo to a flock of starlings.

"SERVICES WRENDERED." By Sonia Snodgrass.

Light verse, *vers de Société*, is not much written now, for we have little Society and not a great deal to feel light-hearted about. All the more warmly then do we welcome "Services Wrendered," Sonia Snodgrass's rhymed account of her adventures among the Wrens. Though forbidden to keep a diary on pain of being tarred and feathered and hung from the yard-arm, she remembers a great deal of what she felt, how she looked, and how others felt and looked. The deliciously insouciant illustrations have a life of their own apart from the text; repeated like a refrain with slight modifications, they have a cumulative comic effect. Sonia the poet is perhaps more at ease in nautical surroundings than Sonia the draughtsman, who is nearly always in trouble; but

> It 's a bit of a wrench
> When a comely young wench
> Who 's been used to greet men with a cute
> Smile to suit
> Has to change to saluting the brute!

And—

> If you read the law
> From the Articles of War
> The punishments may take away your breath
> For those who go astray
> In a trifling sort of way
> All seem to run the risk of facing death.

It is not long before Sonia's almost exaggerated respect for Authority becomes tinged with criticism, especially towards officers of her own sex. Commenting on the different effect promotion has on men and on women, she observes tartly:

> Extra braid below the curls
> Doesn't make men act like girls.
> Woman's charm is apt to vanish
> Leaving something rather mannish.

and the brilliant but unkind illustration shows vividly what she means.

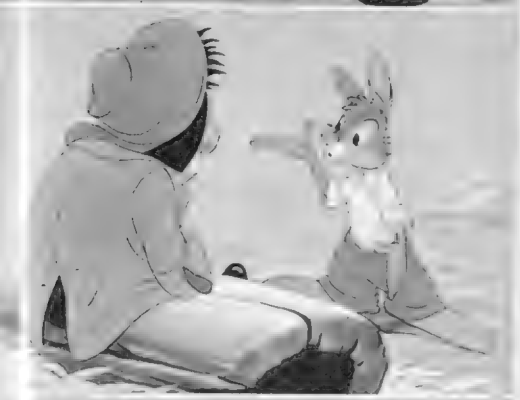
Light in hand, mischievous in mood, trim and taut in technique, these enchanting verses run before the breeze of the author's gaiety like a fleet of little pinnaces; and to take them, for a moment, more seriously than the author means us to, we may say that they have a quality of humanity, as well as humour, lacking in many more ambitious commentaries on the war.

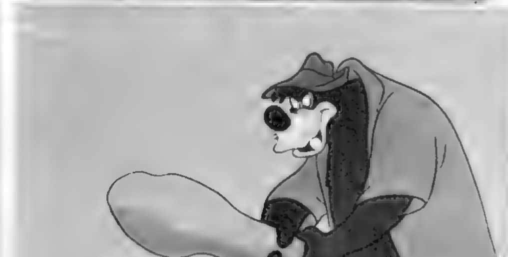
"THE MOVING TOYSHOP." By Edmund Crispin.

Once upon a time when the detective story was young, the explanation was its supreme moment. Groping and absorbed, the reader pursued his way through a forest of characters, relevant and irrelevant, and of facts, pertinent and off the point, till in the end he reached his reward—a clear view of all the events in their right perspective. Now we have changed all that. True, originality accompanies Mr. Crispin from the first page to the last, but the sharpest impressions left by "The Moving Toyshop" are of the poet, Richard Cadogan, swinging down the winding hill into Oxford in the small hours, and his angry dismay at the disappearance of the sinister toyshop. A bold wit enlivens the early part of the story, so bold that the author dares a joke at the expense of his publisher—surely the quintessence of courage. Unfortunately, it gets lost among a crowd of undergraduates who rush about the streets of Oxford with energy and goodwill, but without much efficiency. Nearing the end the author seems to tire of his precision, and hurries off into melodrama and farce.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

City of Departures. By John Brophy. (*Collins; 9s. 6d.*)
Mist in the Tagus. By Tom Hopkinson. (*Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.*)
Services Wrendered. By Sonia Snodgrass. (*Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.*)
The Moving Toyshop. By Edmund Crispin. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)





UNCLE REMUS'S BRER RABBIT IN "SONG OF THE SOUTH."

Walt Disney's Technicolor "Song of the South" (New Gallery, December 15) is a fresh combination of live action and cartoon—a story written around the famous Uncle Remus telling a small boy his impromptu Tales of Brer Rabbit. As Uncle Remus recounts to Johnny the adventures of the simple, innocent but cunning Brer Rabbit who always escapes from the wiles of Brer Fox and Brer Bear, the scene fades into cartoons of his story—some of the most fascinating of Disney cartoons. The film is shot with music and catchy songs. Uncle Remus—James Baskett; Johnny—Bobby Driscoll.

TALES WITH A STING

THE BROKEN CAGE.*

By PIERRE AUDEMARS.

I FOLLOWED him into the compartment, a dark, restless man with a strange light in his eyes. The other occupant was a miner, a bluff, burly fellow with the blue pock-marks of his calling pitted deeply in his pale skin.

At the last moment a porter wrenched the door open and bundled in two W.A.A.F.s, with their suitcases and kitbags. He slammed the door and leaned in at the open window as the guard blew his whistle.

"Now, mind you get it right this time," he admonished. "You should not be able to mistake it—the stop after Llanfair."

The taller of the two girls smiled. She had an attractive smile. She was dark; the shorter, plumper one fair.

"Thank you very much—we shall find it all right."

The train started with a jerk. The dark man fell into a quiet and rapid conversation with the miner. I looked at my newspaper, but I was not reading.

"Well," said the fair girl, as she ran a comb hastily through her hair. "That was a swindle. And I thought the camp was going to be in that town."

"Fancy letting us get right off and out into the road——"

"They are all asleep in this part of the world. But wouldn't it have been nice——"

"Did you see the shops—and about three cinemas——"

"And the crowds——"

"Been all right on our evening out——"

"Or a twenty-four-hour pass——"

"Yes. But now it doesn't look so good. What did he say—the stop after what?"

"Fflansomething—but I can never understand a word they say. What is the name on that warrant?"

"Berwydd."

The dark man looked up at them. He looked for a long time before he spoke. I had the impression that he was saying to himself all the things he would have said had he spoken instead of looking. Then, suddenly and yet quietly, he spoke. His voice was liltingly beautiful.

"Did you say it was to Berwydd camp you were going?"

The taller of the two girls looked at him.

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"Indeed I do. Right close by the camp is where I live."

"They told us it was near the town here."

"Did they now?"

"And let us get half-way down the High Street with our kitbags and everything before——"

"Well, now, that was a shame to do such a thing——"

"It was a shame. I wish it *had* been there. It looked a decent, lively place to me."

The tall girl looked out of the window. The train was running slowly between rocks and desolate trees, and the deserted landscape seemed to brood beneath the pall of the bleak winter afternoon.

"Gives me the shivers, this place," she said suddenly.

The dark man laughed. It was a strange laugh, not unkind, and yet in it there was mockery and defiance and a wild happiness.

"Why, look you, this country here is pleasant and kindly compared with the wilderness that is Berwydd."

"What?"

"Indeed it is a lonely and a desolate place—well do I know it, for 'tis there I have lived for so many years. There are rocks and a moor that stretches for miles and miles, and the river, which seems filled with sorrows even when the sun is shining. And then there is nothing else. Trees you do not see there, unless you come to the wood by Berwyddmecog, and not many care for those trees there."

The miner grunted and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

"And I would not know what you see in them, mun—to live there alone in that cottage, with never a soul in sight, is enough to drive a mun completely off his head."

The dark man seemed to wrench his eyes away from the two girls with a physical effort, and turn them to the miner beside him. But he did not move his body, and beneath his dark brows his eyes seemed to slant like those of a faun.

"But I am not alone, Charley, mun," he said softly.

"Who, then, is it who is with you?"

"There are my thoughts—they are always with me."

The miner laughed and jerked the stem of his pipe towards the girls. They laughed, too, but a little uncertainly. The dark man looked again at them.

"But you will be all right inside your camp," he went on. "I have seen it. It is a wonderful camp—as big as a town. Inside it they tell me there is everything—a theatre, a cinema, a library, a N.A.A.F.I.——"

The tall girl stretched and yawned. Abruptly, the soft musical voice ceased, and somewhat hurriedly she pulled down her skirt.

"Yes, I know," she said quickly. "But they have those in every camp. It is just because they are there that you get fed-up by using them. Can you understand that?"

"Yes. I can understand that."

"When you get an evening off you want to go out—to get away—to be free. It doesn't matter where it is, as long as it is away. You don't want to have to look at the same faces you see all day—you don't want to talk to the same people. You have been seeing them and talking to them the whole day—if you go on doing it you will scream. You don't even want to sit beside them to drink tea or watch a film—you want to leave them and be free."

The dark man's eyes never once left her face.

"Yes—yes—well can I understand that—and all the other things besides you have not put into words. For some of you 'tis like having your wings in a cage. Well can I understand that. I, too, have felt the same thing—but not now. Now I do not feel it any more, because I know what to do."

For a moment there was silence, while the train gathered speed and fled on between the lonely trees and the rocks and the bleak, bare tormented hills.

But when he spoke again it was as if his thoughts had been speaking aloud all through that silence, as if they joined his words with what he had said before, as if there had never been a silence at all.

"Other girls in that camp must have felt the same feeling that is in your heart—other wings in the same cage—other pinions that would not be tamed. Oh, but there has been bad news about those others—bad news indeed, and dreadful to hear——"

"What do you mean?" asked the tall girl, sitting up very erect.

"Bodies have been found on the line just where it curves around the wood of Berwyddmecog—bodies of these girls from the camp who went out into the desolation and the loneliness on their evening out——"

"But why——?"

"The why of it is the thing that no one knows. Look you—you find a dead bird on the autumn leaves in the wood, and you pick it up in your hand. Soft the round bosom feels, but cold when it should be warm, and the eyes are glazed and pitiful that once were eager and keen, and that which made the fluttering life of it has ceased to beat and there is only a great stillness in its drooping wings. And then it seems that your own heart turns inwards and asks you why—why—why——"

Now he was not looking at anyone. He was looking within himself, and that musical lilting voice became harsh with strain.

"So it was with the young girls they found. All that had made them, the joy and the tears and the laughter, and all that they could be giving—all the rich and wondrous giving that the young do not know how to restrain—was stilled and quiet and dead, until they seemed to be part of that desolation in which they lay. Terrible it was, the way death came to them—terrible and dreadful the way it came, there by the shadow of the wood. And that was not all. Other things had been done beside—oh, yes, indeed, it was only the neck that had been laid on the line."

"Was it, mun?" said the miner.

"Yes."

"Now, I didn't read anything about that in my paper. All it said was that the body——"

The fair girl laughed, perhaps a little artificially.

"Well, I must say this is a nice conversation. Do you realise that we are going to this camp? That it is the name on our warrant?"

The tall girl shivered.

"And you can take it from me that I am going to stay right inside, on the inside of the gate. I have heard quite enough, thank you, to prefer the Garrison Theatre."

The dark man looked at her for a long time. Something that had no right to burn there seemed to glow behind his eyes.

"I wonder," he said softly. "I wonder if you will. There were others, remember, who thought that the inside of a gate was best. But sometimes the wings are strong enough to break the cage, and then their power gives them flight. And before their wings droop at least they have flown—that is, indeed, what I like to remember—when my thoughts tell me that before the end at least they have flown."

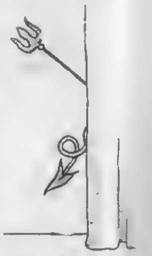
The train checked and slowed. I leaned forward in my seat, feeling in my pocket beneath my newspaper.

"Have you got a light?" I asked him.

He struck a match as I had watched him strike one for the miner, both hands together cupping the flame.

In a second I had the handcuffs on.

"I saw what you bought in the town," I told him. "But I wanted to make sure. That was why we kept all the details out of the newspapers."



THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

EXPRESSIONIST JANE RUSSELL: CAN YOU PLACE HER MOODS?

Temperamental variations flash across the lively face of this film-star. The photographer has taped her moods; try it yourself; then turn to page 342 and check your reactions with the cameraman's. No prize is offered for a solution. Jane Russell plays lead in "The Outlaw" at the London Pavilion.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"YES, that 's all very well," the Engineer was saying, "but where do you get the money to buy the Christmas presents ?"

"Capital appreciation," replied the Broker unblushingly. "You had only to buy some of those shipping shares I recommended, and you 'd have accumulated a useful spot of cash in a very short time. Then you study the advertisements, choose what you want, give your wife the money—she has more time for shopping than you have—and there you are !"

"Sounds to me as though you are inciting to speculation," commented the Merchant. "Oh, you needn't shake your head. I have still some Christmas presents to buy," he hinted. "Any ideas ?"

"You have left it too late, my son, to buy anything for this Christmas. Nimble ninepences are not too easy to pick up nowadays. And I take it that 's what you 're after ?"

"Maybe." The Merchant was not going to commit himself. "But still——"

"In my view," the Engineer observed, "you are not likely to come to any harm with Cargo Fleet, Powell Duffryn, Richard Thomas, Pease and Partners——"

"Go on. Run down the whole list of iron, coal, and steel. You ignore Nationalisation, I suppose ?"

Nationalisation No Longer a Bogey.

"You can't ignore it," the Engineer admitted, "however much you 'd like to. No—what I think is, that the shares I 've mentioned have scope for a rise. Nationalisation is no longer a bogey. If anything, it 's an encouragement to the Heavy industries——"

"Not to the Home Railway market," the Broker interrupted. "Confiscation—not compensation : that 's what most of us call the Government plan. If you were a Stock Exchange broker, you 'd be crackers by this time through trying to give useful answers to your clients' questions about the advisability of selling Home Railway stocks or keeping them."

"I wouldn't care to be a stockbroker in these days," the Banker remarked. "He must have a very difficult task in the advising of what to sell and how to reinvest the proceeds."

"Sometimes I wonder," said the Broker, "whether it might pay to sell all one has, at to-day's prices, live on the capital, and wait for the opportunity to get in again when the fall comes."

"You might have to wait a long time," the Banker pointed out. "And the question that presents itself to my mind is whether prices are yet at their peak, or near it. Millions of money will be seeking investment in the next six months. Homes for that capital have to be found somewhere. It is quite certain that the Government loans will not get the whole of it. Where will it be spent ?"

"If you are asking me," replied the Jobber, "I may as well let you into a little secret. This Christmas I 'm going to spend a spot of money before the Government take it. Christmas presents, Sir. Some of those advertisements have fired my imagination. It 's years since I have allowed myself to be what you might call modestly extravagant. This time, I 'm cashing in on some of my profits, and buying a few odds and ends that I think will please the—the—allotees."

"Other people are doing the same thing, if the stores and shops are anything to judge by," remarked the Broker. "I toured around some of them last Saturday. Never seen such crowds. There won't be anything left to buy at the last moment."

"Well, if you can't get diamonds," said the Jobber, "you 'll have to buy shares in the diamond companies. That 's good advice, isn't it ? What are you laughing at ?" he asked the Broker.

Shy Anonymity.

"You remind me of what happened to me the other day in the Stock Exchange. Friend of mine came out of the De Beers market and said, 'Hullo ! Are you appearing in *The Sketch* again ? Very glad to see the good old stuff once more. It is you, eh ?'"

"And you ?"

"Tried to look as anonymous as I could, and started to talk about something else. But it just shows you, doesn't it ?"

"Shows you what ?"

"That it will probably pay you to buy diamond shares," the Broker side-tracked. "Dividend time is close at hand. Consolidated Diamonds and C.A.S.T. deserve to go better, and De Beers are bound to become more popular when the shares are split."

By Jove ! I wonder if they 're worth buying.

"As they will be pretty soon," the Jobber mentioned. "In the gold share market I am still keen on Venterspost. The price has come down a lot, but my information from the Cape is persistently bullish, and I averaged my holding last week. After all, Venters are not such a gamble as 'Freddies' and 'Offsits.'"

"I dare say you 're right over your Venters, but I do think the real excitement is going to be in the Orange Free State properties—'Freddies' and 'Offsits' for choice," said the Broker. "There mayn't be nimble ninepences. There may be a lengthy wait, and not a few disappointments. That 's what you have to expect when you deal in mining shares."

"Can't say I agree with you," the Jobber argued. "You buy mining shares, seven times out of ten, with the hope of seeing a rise in the price, and of being able to collar a profit in a short time."

"How about the old 'West Wits. for the Grandchildren' slogan ?"

"West Wits. are a lock-up, just as Central Mining, Rand Mines and Union Corporation are mining investments, with the result that the market in them is nearly always a narrow one. No : what the Man in the Street wants in mining shares is a free market, and the prospect of a reasonably early appreciation in the price. Am I right, Sir ?"

The Engineer said that, in the Kaffir market, one was very much at the mercy of the Cape. "And Joburg always gets the news before we do in London."

"Well, you can't help that, unless, of course, you transport the Rand bodily into Throgmorton Street. Even then, there might be leakages."

"Leakages," the Merchant drily commented, "are not entirely confined to South African mining developments. And as for freedom of market, you have that in the shares of dozens of our own industrial companies. The trouble is that you get such a trifling income out of them at to-day's prices. What are people buying," he asked the Broker, "with the money they realise by the sale of their Home Railway stocks ?"

"The front-rank Industrials," was the prompt reply. "Distillers shares, Imperial Tobacco and Bats., P. & O. Deferred, Woolworth, Hudson's Bay, Guinness, Shell Transport——"

Oil Shares and the Political Situation.

"Talking of Shells, why are oil shares so sticky ?" enquired the Engineer. "There must be a marvellous future for oil, and yet the market never seems able to get a move on. How is it ?"

"Politics, to a great extent. People feel cautious about the situation in the Middle East. You must remember that our markets are very political just now."

"That doesn't apply to Trinidad, surely."

"No, but you know as well as I do that you rarely have a market dull in one part of it and cheery in another part. There are exceptions, naturally, and sometimes the Trinidad group in the oil market may be good at the same time that the Shell division is heavy."

"You wouldn't put off people from genuine investment in oil shares ?"

"Good gracious, no ! I 'd encourage them—if they are not out for fireworks. And another thing I am constantly suggesting is James Finlay."

"The tea people ?"

"Tea, and a number of other interests, too. First-rate investment. Finlays should have a ten bob rise in them. You do get a bit more yield than some of the other industrials pay, but you mustn't overlook the Company's connection with India."

The Jobber stood up and gathered his umbrella from the rack. "I can't see myself making a fortune before Christmas," said he. "I come asking for help to pay for presents, and what do I get ?"

"Yes—what does he get ?" persisted the City Editor.

"He gets, the ungrateful devil," said his fellow-member of the House, "a handsome contribution towards a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Cheerio, Gentlemen : All Change here !"

CAN YOU PLACE HER MOODS ?

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Pringles of Scotland made the white blouse which Miss Kerr is wearing above. Called "Flatterer" and made in white crepe, this blouse is one of the varied range which these makers are supplying to leading stores in London and the country. Top, right—Miss Kerr wears a pure cashmere twin set, also a Pringle model, in Patou pink with silver-grey slacks. Left: Interchangeable evening set, designed by Joy Ricardo, in grey and gunmetal shepherd's plaid wool. By day the jacket appears with a slickly-tailored skirt and a Pringle sweater in cashmere. By night, it is teamed with a long full skirt and a frilled blouse.

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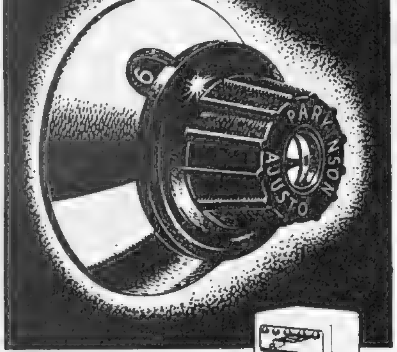

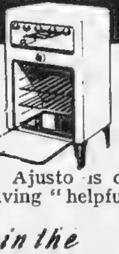

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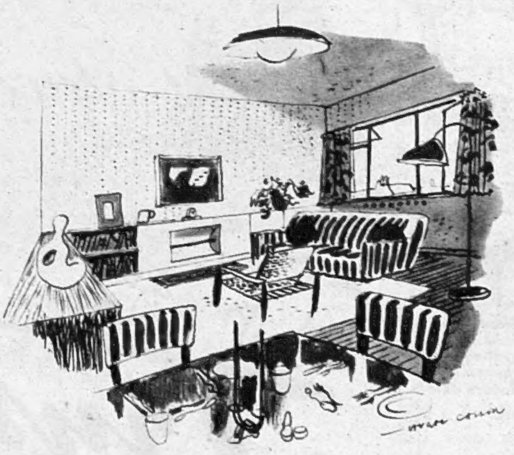

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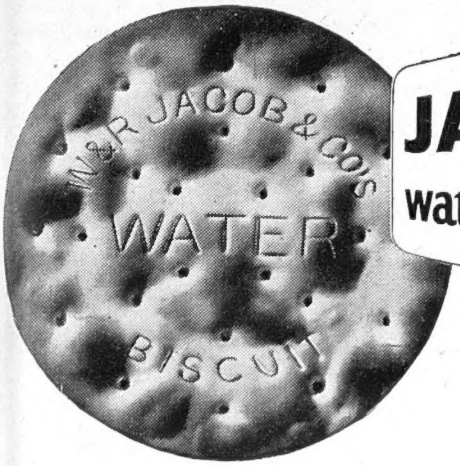

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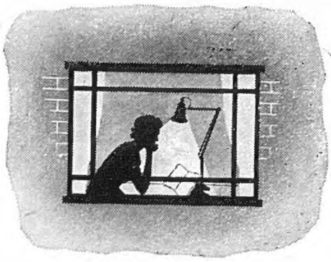

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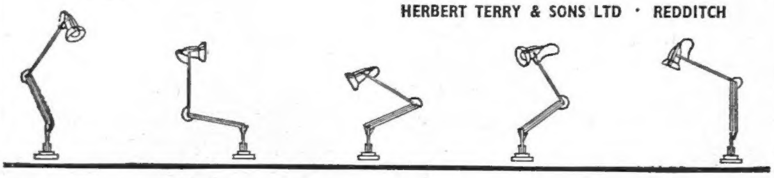

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, December 11, 1946. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.